

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

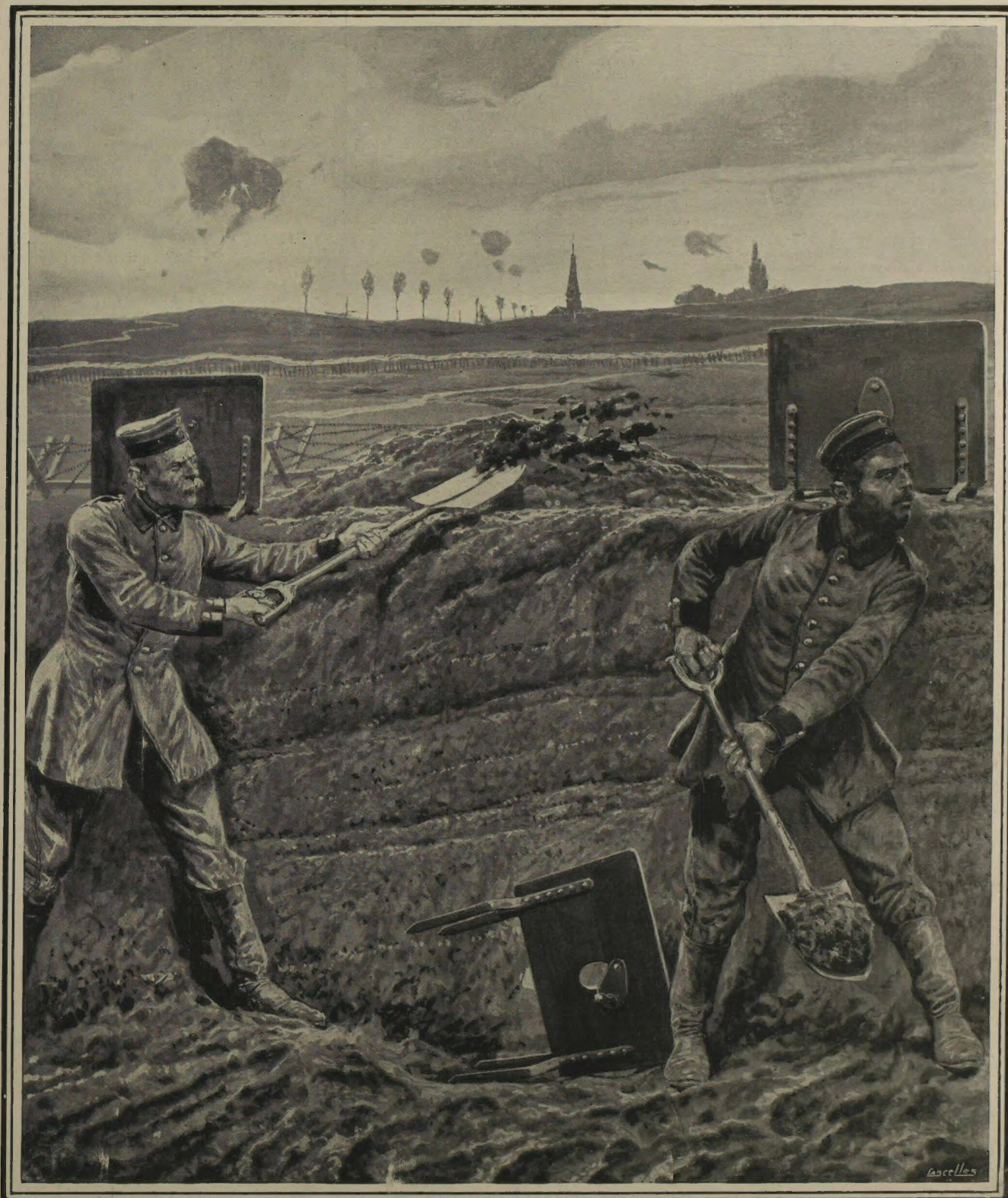
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1915.

SIXPENCE.

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TRENCH-DIGGING BEHIND ARMOUR: HOW THE GERMANS ARE ABLE TO CONSTRUCT THEIR DEFENCES BY DAY AND NIGHT WITH THE AID OF BULLET-PROOF SHIELDS, FITTED WITH LOOP-HOLES FOR USE IN THE TRENCH.

The German soldier about to dig himself in at night fixes in the ground an armour-plate, and does his work behind it in comparative safety. Still behind the same shelter, he continues by day. The armour-plate has in it a space covered by a little "door," which is swung aside to provide a loop-hole; and so forms a valuable item in the

trench's permanent defences. By the time the trench is finished the sand-bags cresting it are on a higher level than the top of the armour-plates. Thus the German is able not only to dig himself in by night and day, but to fire from his trench with the least possible risk to himself. The idea is one which might well bear imitation.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT.—[COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA]

THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE.

WE are now into the second year of the war—the Franco-German one only lasted over six months—so that the time has come for a little stock-taking. The present state of the account as between the two belligerent sides has been well expressed by a Danish journal, which wrote: "At the beginning of the war, Herr von Jagow emphasised that speed was Germany's greatest asset, while the enemy's lay in endurance. We have now seen that it is endurance that counts. Thus Germany has temporarily gained, yet lost, while the Allies have temporarily lost, yet gained."

Yes; that is, perhaps, the best way of putting it, and, on the whole, the credit-balance is in favour of the Allies—even after making all allowance for the prospective abandonment of Warsaw by the Russians, and their practical withdrawal from Poland to a better line of defence further east. "My destructive sword," the Kaiser is said to have telegraphed to his favourite sister, Sophie, the Queen of Greece, "has crushed the Russians. They will need six months to recover!"

But for once in his life the German War-Lord, a past-master of exaggeration, appears to have understated the case. There is no use detailing the strategy and tactics which are likely to end in the fall, or call it evacuation, of Warsaw, because the new Russian Minister of War himself, General Polivanoff, speaking in the Duma, frankly admitted that "in these circumstances they would perhaps yield to the enemy a portion of this region, falling back on positions where their Army would prepare for the resumption of its offensive. All's well that ends well, and 1812 was the proof of that. They would, perhaps, to-day give up Warsaw just as at that time they gave up Moscow in order to ensure final victory." Sir George Buchanan, our Ambassador at Petrograd, condensed into a single sentence all the patriotic assurances in the Duma, when, in a message to the Russian people, he said: "Like Charles XII. at Poltava and Napoleon at Moscow, the German Emperor will live to learn that Russia is unconquerable."

There is no use seeking to minimise the fact that immense strategical advantages would accrue to the Germans from their possession of Poland—its capital, its rivers, its fortresses, its railway lines, and its industrial and other resources—advantages which would have the effect of practically putting Russia out of action for a long time to come as far as her co-operation with her Western allies is concerned; though the capture of Warsaw would, perhaps, be more than off-set by our conquest of Constantinople, so that we must now seek to make up for this set-back on the Vistula by achieving victories at the Dardanelles—as to which a battalion-commander out there said to a war-correspondent: "For goodness' sake tell people at home what a tremendous proposition we are up against out here."

It is true that the armies of the Grand Duke, which have been fighting with such splendid bravery, are still intact, and have escaped the fate of the Austrians at Przemyśl and of the French at Sedan. They are still "in being"—as the phrase goes: but what is the good of that, if they cannot re-advance, recross the Vistula, invade East Prussia and Silesia, and, by threatening Berlin itself, relieve the murderous pressure on the Allies in the West, with its poisonous gases and spurts of hell-engendered flame—worse even than the liquid "brunstone" which Burns' De'il "spairges about to scaud poor wretches"!

But it is some consolation to know that the Germans have had to pay dearly for their successes in Poland—the Prussian Guards alone—under Mackensen, according to the latest official figures, having lost over 14,000 in May and June, or about a third of their total strength—a whole army corps. On the other hand, the Austro-German commanders claim to have taken during May, June, and July, 635,000 Russian prisoners and 395 guns, which was just about the number of field-pieces wherewith the Germans drew a ring of fire around Sedan. On the other hand, according to a computation based on the latest Prussian casualty lists, the German Army must, within the year, have lost something like three and a-quarter million men, though one of our own War Office calculators, Major Dillon, in a sworn affidavit, puts the figure at about two millions.

Some little time ago the Kaiser was reported to have assured some apprehensive Berlin bankers that the war would be over by October, while now he bids his Hellenic sister believe that "the war-drama is coming to its close." But he is the only man or monarch in Europe that thinks so, unless, perhaps, his opinion is shared by his fellow-potatotea, the Pope, whose appeal to the heads of the belligerent States, in favour of peace—he it said, with all respect, and even reverence, for the good intentions of his Holiness—must be assigned to the same category of well-meant endeavour as Mrs. Partington's mop.

"The war-drama is now coming to its close!" "Finished by October!" Does the Kaiser really think that, after making his triumphal entry into Warsaw, he will, within three months later, similarly canter into Calais? "Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast"—and "Marching Through Georgia" is now again being as lustily sung by our indomitable Tommies as "Tipperary." Discerning, as well as indomitable, are our soldiers—the real judges of the principal author of the war. "Before God and history my conscience is clear; I did not will war"—declares the Kaiser in an anniversary manifesto to his people. But there never yet was a murderer in the dock who did not make the same protestation of his innocence, and, in case of this kind, a Kaiser's word is no better than a costermonger's.

But it has now come to this with the German people: that they place implicit faith in everything that falls from their War Lord's lips, though we may be quite sure that they have been told nothing about the sinking of one of their destroyers in the North Sea and one of their transports in the Baltic—not to speak of corresponding achievements on our credit in the Sea of Marmora. LONDON: 2 AUGUST 3, 1915.

A BOOK OF TRAVEL FOR TO-DAY.

A VOLUME ranging from 3000 B.C. to our retention of the battle-ships *Sultan Osman* and *Reshadieh* is sufficiently comprehensive; and "Arabia Infelix; or, The Turks in Yemen," by Mr. G. Wymann Bury (Macmillan), is a concise narrative-history of that Turkish vilayet from before the days of Bilkis, Biblical Queen of Sheba, to those of the present world-war. The historical details are authoritative, but to many the quaint glimpses of the native manners and customs of this little-known district will be even more appealing. A topical note is struck in a passage which tells us that "Turkey, after wobbling for weeks on the brink of hostilities, has been pushed over by her Turco-German war-party," and, further, that the subscription for the ships to which we have referred was "a religious matter, to which all classes had contributed their utmost." A typical origin of a myth is suggested in the legend that in the rising of Abrahah against Ayrat "high-soaring swallows dropped tiny pebbles on Abrahah's army, piercing man and horse until the host was almost annihilated," which is a poetical way of referring to "an epidemic of small-pox which carried off the troops." A strange story is told of the attack on Hodeida by Mohamed Eyad, Emir of Asir, when "on the dead were found letters, signed by the Emir: 'To my brother Gabriel. Soandso, son of Soandso, is coming to you; admit him to Heaven. (Signed) Mohamed Eyad, Emir of the Faithful.'" We are given amusing glimpses of life in the Yemen of to-day: "There is much to be seen and heard in local courts amid the hills of Yemen that would refresh those jaded minds that cling to official etiquette. . . . Throughout the proceedings, market-women will stroll in and proffer eggs and poultry to the Bench at current rates." Shrewd studies of racial types, customs and politics, sport and birds, are very interesting; and details of crops, climate, commerce, and similar matters are of considerable practical value. The volume is liberally illustrated by photographs and maps.

THE NEW MAN-AT-ARMS.

With reference to our remarkably interesting page-illustration under the heading "Battle-Masks; Helmets; Breastplates: The New Man-at-Arms," it should be noted that it is reproduced, by special arrangement, from our enterprising French contemporary *J'ai Vu*.

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NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is, particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted.

THE PERENNIAL CHARM OF ART.

"Chats on Japanese Prints," than the example of a King would be sufficient to make us sacrifice, at least

for the duration of the war, our Harunobus and Koriussais, but Mr. Arthur Ficke's "Chats on Japanese Prints" (Fisher Unwin) makes us waver even in that unsubstantial self-denial. We have known our feeling for Japanese art dulled almost out of existence in off-seasons, even as if it were cricket and iced-lemonade in winter-time. But the passion is capricious; it comes again just when there seemed to be no use for it. Theoretically, we can do without these very foreign wood-cuts, alicens alike in subject and convention; but in fact they are extraordinarily near to us, and only to read the old names in Mr. Ficke's volume is like finding the petals of a rose from some well-remembered garden between the pages. Names and memories are essential in the reading of such a book, description alone means nothing; and though Mr. Ficke at times seems to attempt the impossible and to write as if to instruct a public ignorant of the subject in hand, he would not really believe in the utility of doing so. A good prose description of, say, a Hokusai landscape might convey a fair impression of the scene to a stranger among prints; but it would, in all probability, be just as accurate a description of a forgery as of an original. The difference is not easily put into words. Mr. Ficke, obviously, has felt the limitations of the guide-book task, and has, in consequence, mounted into verse—and adequate verse—whenever he has been overcome by the fairness of a print or the greatness of an artist. On the practical side his work is excellent, though there, too, he is obliged to pound away at points of which only the veriest beginners are ignorant. The difference of value between a good and bad impression, which could be demonstrated before an open portfolio in a couple of minutes, takes a long time to say, and the subtleties are probably ungrasped at the end of the chapter. But certain guiding lines can very well be learned from Mr. Ficke. One sad rule should be had by heart before the first day of collecting, and that is the general rule against your chances of a "find." There are a thousand worthless prints on the market for every print of value; and the easiest part of collecting is the initial rejection of whole parcels of unimportant engravings. We are here supplied with a list of the things we may look for with a fair chance of finding, and given excellent advice as to what we should do with them when we get them. Though he provides some little guidance as to cleaning and mounting, naturally enough Mr. Ficke trusts the skill of his unknown reader. Some operations, he says, can be performed only by an expert, "who uses a magnifying-glass and prays all the time he works." Mr. Ficke evidently thinks the prayers of the novice would go unanswered.

"Chats on Old Silver." The truth is that the cleverest talker in the world—and Mr. Hayden is a very clever one—cannot make old

silver a thrilling or a romantic theme. One wonders why. Is it mystery which is lacking, thanks to those State-regulated marks, or the murderous moth? But when Mr. Hayden is not conveying the practical knowledge for which this little volume, "Chats on Old Silver," by Arthur Hayden (F. Fisher Unwin), and all its predecessors are so valuable to the collector, when he feels the need of adornment, of tradition, of romance, he is driven to remember that a candlestick happens to bear the date-mark of the year that Hampden refused to pay his Navy tax, whereby may ensue a pleasant little chat about Carolean politics and Van Tromp; or his eye catches the date-letter of a Stuart salt-cellar, and he is reminded that it stood on the Mercer's table when Charles, going up with his Guards to his Commons, gave the signal for Civil War by arresting five of its members. Nevertheless, the silversmith comes familiarly into the family daily life of Englishmen through more centuries than most can trace their origin; he is with them when they eat, when they drink, and when they pray. There is, for instance, that Tudor Debrett of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—the great, upstanding salt. The Cambridge specimen, which has a page to itself among Mr. Hayden's admirable photographs, shaped like an hour-glass and powdered with Tudor rose and French lily, is a fascinating example. If one could visualise the high company and low that sat to eat, sharply divided above and below its shining beauty, the Seventh Henry himself, perhaps, at its head! Not these only, but trencher-salts of a day as late as Addison's were spoonless, for this charming mischance is quoted by the author from the *Spectator*: "In the midst of these Musings she desires me [Addison's fine hostess] to reach her a little salt upon the point of my Knife, which I did in such Trepidation and hurry of Obedience that I let it drop by the way, at which she immediately startled and said it fell towards her." Following the illustrations which the volume gives to this little vessel, common to every dinner-table, how depressing to bring up at the specimen assigned to the nineteenth century! There were five hundred years behind it of noble or gracious form, and the nineteenth-century craftsman, seeking the scullery for inspiration, reproduced a miniature wash-tub! Silver being a thing of official guarantee, Mr. Hayden writes a luminous chapter on marks. There, if anywhere, romance dwains with the incorrigible coin-clipper, and the desperate expedients thought out to dodge him. Periods and articles most likely to be sought of or found by the collector are set forth in the comprehensible way which has already made the series popular; sale prices, tables of date-letters, photographs of marks with descriptive text relating to English, Scotch, and Irish silver, and, last but not least, a helpful index, make the book a trustworthy friend to a collector.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE German Chancellor is reported as having said: "The Germans are fighting for their lives against a world of pigmies." It is recorded chiefly as a curiosity of printing; for in the newspaper he was represented as saying that the Germans were fighting for their liver. Prometheus, perhaps, might be described as fighting for his liver; and so far, the parallel is dignified and cannot offend. Otherwise, the superficial might suppose the Germans were engaged in an activity purely hygienic, like the people who ride for their liver. However, the version I gave first is evidently the correct one; and the responsibility for the mistaken word lies, apparently, with an English newspaper.

But the Chancellor's statement, as conjecturally amended above, is really interesting; for it is an example of a certain quality very common in the German pronouncements even when they are—as, to do him justice, the Chancellor's generally are—among the more rational and respectable. That quality is a fundamental division in the mind between two totally antagonistic points of view. The first is the frame of mind in which the Germans began the war; the second is the frame of mind in which alone they now find it possible to conduct it. The first is the base pride of a brute victory; the second is that nobler pride which can look in the face of defeat. It is true that all Germans are educated; but they are not only not equally educated; they are divided into two very distinct intellectual castes: the professors and middle-class intellectuals who admire and inspire the Germans, and the Prussian oligarchs who despise and who rule them. Anyone reading the biographies of men like Bismarck will notice that Prussian autocracy and reaction are defended upon two precisely opposite grounds, according to whether they are addressing the plain, patriotic *bourgeoisie* or the governing clique. Publicly, they justify the despotism because Germans can rule anybody. Privately, they justify the despotism because Germans cannot rule themselves. This really educated country, then, is divided into two types; those who know and those who know better. Now, at the beginning of the war both these classes were quite confident of victory, even of instant victory. But, of course, they were confident for very different reasons. Those who had the information knew that their country was armed to the teeth for the sole purpose of this war; because they had themselves armed it. Those who only had the "culture" were stuffed with rubbishy fairy-tales about the Teutonic Race being the natural conqueror of all others. The real rulers were not so stupid as to think that one German could beat two Frenchmen. They were confident on the much more sensible ground that they could, in brute fact, bring two Germans against every one Frenchman; or, in other words, that every one Frenchman must try to beat

two Germans. It was a vastly inferior force of French and English which the German millions smote last September, and swept down from the Sambre and Meuse. And it was still a vastly inferior force of French and English which rallied under that shock and, rushing again to battle, bore the German millions backwards into the night from which they came. Never in the whole history of the world was there a clearer or fairer test, or a clearer or fairer triumph. Never was one man proved more plainly to be the better and master of another than Joffre was proved the better of von Kluck. Those pallid people who have begun to say that we and our Allies cannot beat the Germans are, in an almost arithmetical sense, talking nonsense. They are saying that we cannot do with our whole army what we did with half of it. The proof is that the Prussians have begun to

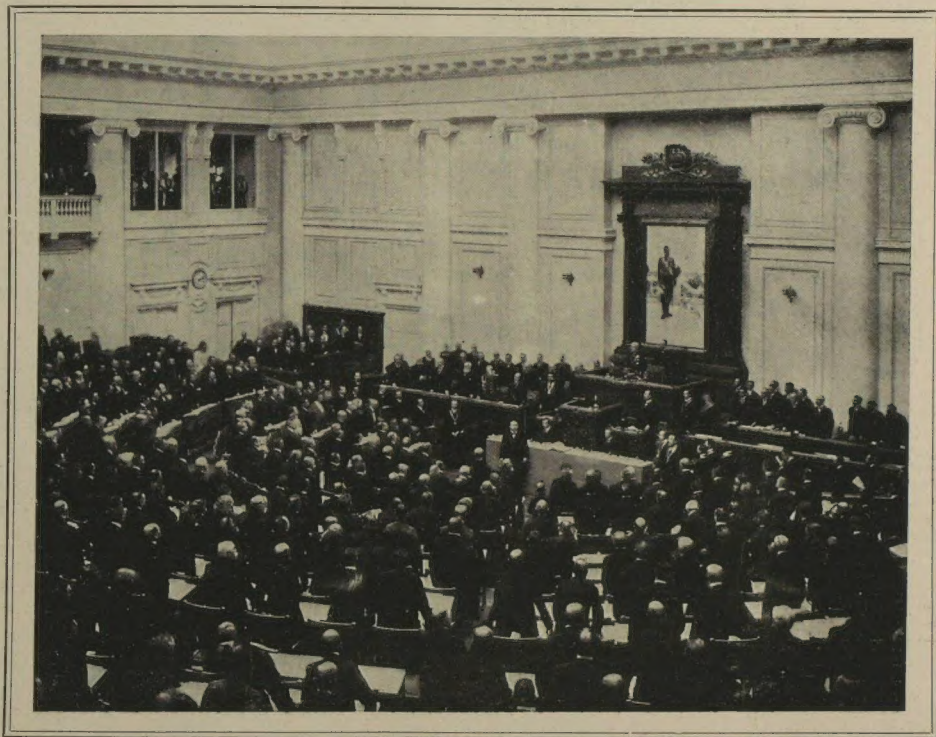
Cyrano de Bergerac is an outbreak of inward good and greatness; a volcano of virtue. "Il me faut des nains" most decidedly is not. It does not sound so very difficult to fight even a world that is only full of pigmies. It seems a work too low even for Krupp, and worthy rather of an insecticide. It was the regular and appropriate type of talk for Prussians in peace. It is unfit even for Prussians in war.

What has really happened in the year of war that has just closed is strictly and correctly marked by this change in the German tone. One might almost call it this break in the German voice. The enemy has at least risen from the notion that Germany finds it easy to win to the manlier notion that Germany is hard to beat. What has happened to the superstition of merely academic Germany, the fancy

that Germans were, by nature, better fighters than other men, it is hardly worth our while to inquire. It is of less importance at this moment than the theory that the earth is flat. The legend of the natural military mastery belonging to the Teuton has already received its death-blow. And though the Germans, by their excellent preparation and munitionment were to win the war after all, and were to enter every capital in triumph, that legend would not rise from the dead.

But the saner self-satisfaction of their military specialists has also failed. It has failed for the excellent reason that the grounds on which it was legitimately founded are gone. It was founded on a numerical superiority—which no longer exists: a monopoly of certain forces—which no longer exists: an advantage of ambush and abrupt aggression—which, naturally, no longer exists. But we are still different from the wisest and sagest Germans in this; that though we can be increasingly confident of success, our whole argument does not rest on success. We have had from the beginning, and we shall keep to the end, that superiority which the Prussian is only beginning to understand; the power to imagine failure. We are fighting against something more than pigmies, and for something more than our lives. We are not only determined to be victorious, we are determined to be vanquished, and vanquished again and again, so long as the only other course is the acceptance of these pirates and their peace. We answer with that noble alternative of the martyrs in the Scripture: if our God be God, yes, or even if our men be men, they shall deliver us; but if not, if our chances were as black as they are in truth brightening; if the omens were as disastrous as they are in fact favourable; if with all we can do we have come to nothing but darkness and the end of the way, know that we will not bow down to the idol these savages have set up for a god, but which they cannot even carve so as to make it look like a man.

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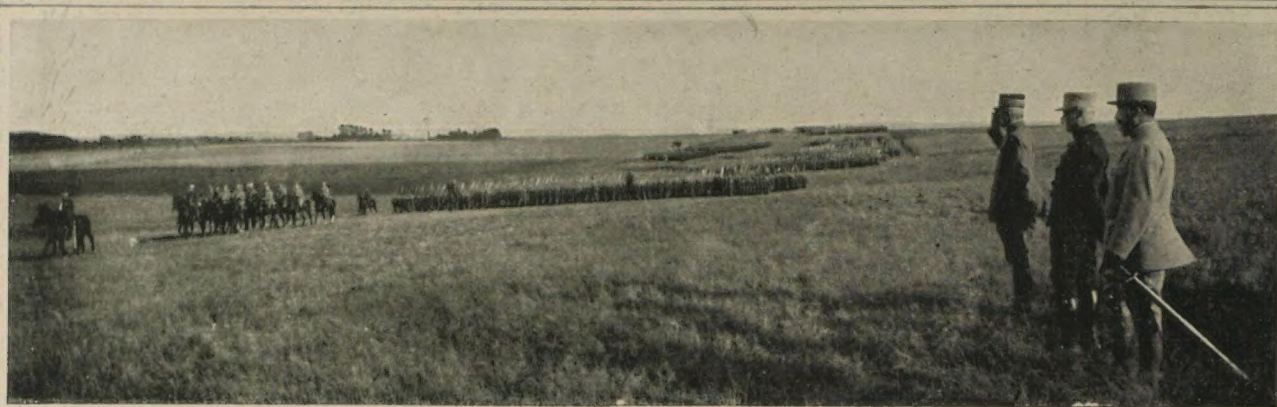


"LET US HAVE ONLY ONE PARTY, THE PARTY OF WAR, TO THE END, AND ONLY ONE PROGRAMME—VICTORY!"
IN THE IMPERIAL DUMA; REOPENED THIS WEEK TO CONSIDER THE WAR CRISIS—THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Never has the Duma been reopened in such a great international crisis as on Monday last. Notable declarations concerning the war were made by the President and by the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The former, in an eloquent peroration, said: "So long as the struggle lasts let us have only one party, the party of war, to the end, and only one programme—Victory!" M. Sazonov, Minister for Foreign Affairs, was equally emphatic. "We must remain absolutely unmovable," he declared, "in our resolve to fight the enemy until we are victorious. Until then let us maintain our faith in the final triumph of our just cause." Both speeches were received with storms of cheers. [Photograph by Bulla.]

realise this simple fact themselves; hence the appearance in their utterances of a new tone and temper which does not in the least harmonise with their old instinct of bragging. Hence jarring sentences, jerkily doubling on themselves, such as the one attributed to the Chancellor, which is at least exactly like numberless German sayings of to-day that could easily be quoted. The speaker cannot make up his mind whether to admire his country for being easily victorious or being heroically vanquished: "The Germans are fighting for their lives against a world of giants." That is obviously what he should in consistency have said; and it would be a rather fine thing to say. But the Prussian Old Adam of brutishly unintelligent superiority awoke even in the middle of a sentence, and he could not bear to admit that Russia was large, even as an ogre. He abruptly substituted the word "pigmies"; which will, no doubt, have the effect of making Russia feel how very small she is. The change was all to his own disadvantage in the eyes of any imaginative and chivalric person. "Il me faut des géants!" of

FRENCH TROOPS AND THEIR LEADERS: DECORATIONS AND REVIEWS.



A MARCH-PAST OF MOROCCAN TROOPS IN FRANCE BEFORE THE RESIDENT FRENCH GENERAL IN MOROCCO: GENERAL LYAUTEY, WITH GENERALS DUBOIS AND DE VILLARET, REVIEWING COLONIAL FORCES FROM AFRICA.



THE GENERALISSIMO HONOURS A REGIMENT IN THE VOSGES: GENERAL JOFFRE DECORATING THE FLAG OF THE 133RD REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.



FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS DECORATED BY THE GENERALISSIMO IN PERSON: GENERAL JOFFRE PINNING MEDALS ON MOROCCAN SOLDIERS IN ALSACE.



UNDER THE EYE OF THEIR GREAT COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: A BATTALION OF FRENCH CHASSEURS ALPINS MARCHING PAST GENERAL JOFFRE (STANDING ON THE PAVEMENT TO THE RIGHT) IN A TOWN IN THE VOSGES.

General Joffre sets an example which is followed by other French Generals by his activity in constantly visiting different sections of the great armies under his command, and personally bestowing decorations upon those regiments and individual officers and men that have distinguished themselves in the war. Thus, in one photograph on this page, he is seen decorating the colours of the gallant 133rd Regiment of Infantry which captured La Fontenelle, in the Vosges; in another, taken in Alsace, he is personally

decorating some of the colonial troops from Morocco, and in another he is watching a march-past of Alpine Chasseurs in the Vosges, where there has been heavy fighting of late. In the photograph at the top, General Lyautey, who has done distinguished service in Morocco, is seen reviewing part of the fine force which that country has sent to France. General Lyautey is the left-hand figure of the three in the right-hand corner of the photograph. In the middle is General Dubois; and on the right, General de Villaret.

THE GREAT FRENCH LEADER IN REGAINED FRANCE: JOFFRE IN ALSACE.



HONOURED BY THE GENERALISSIMO: GENERAL JOFFRE, WITH GENERAL MAUD'HUY, RECEIVING RED CROSS NURSES AND ALSATIAN VILLAGE "FATHERS."

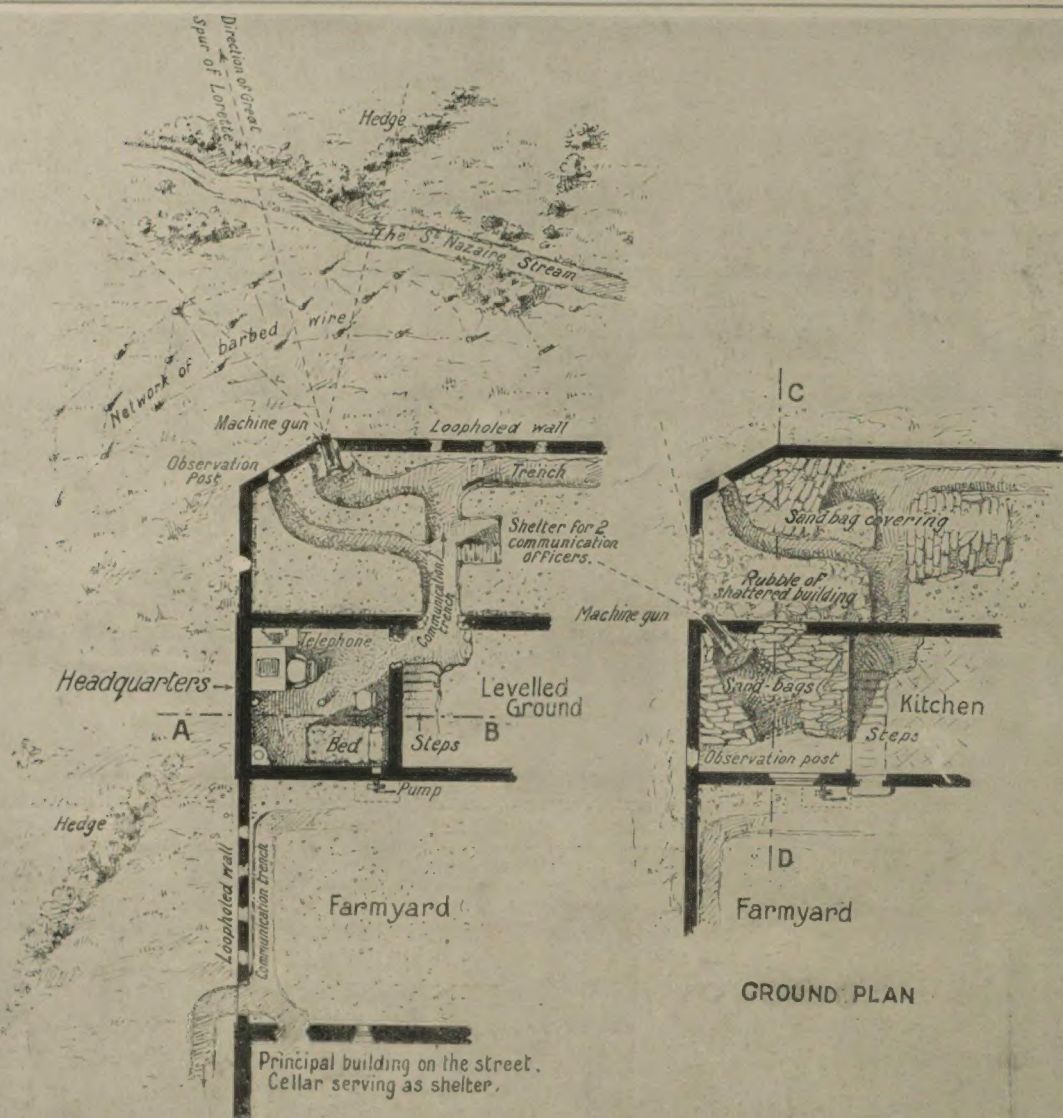


"DECORATIONS" FOR THE GENERALISSIMO: GENERAL JOFFRE, SURROUNDED WITH FLOWERS, IN HIS CAR IN ALSACE.

During his visit to the reconquered districts of Alsace recently, at the time of the French national fête, General Joffre was heartily welcomed by the people of the Alsatian towns and villages. Nowhere has the popularity of the great leader of the French armies been more enthusiastically demonstrated. At one place, as our lower photograph shows, his motor-car was filled with flowers presented to him as a token of gratitude by the inhabitants. In the upper photograph he is seen accompanied by General Maud'huy, a

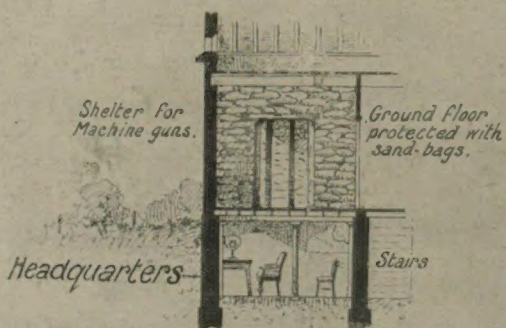
distinguished soldier whose services during the war have earned him rapid promotion. He is fifty-seven, and when the war began held the position of Professor of Military History at the Ecole de Guerre. By the end of August 1914, he was a Brigadier in the 8th Corps of the Army of Lorraine. In the short space of three weeks he was made Brigadier-General, Divisional General, Corps Commander, and finally, Army Commander. His rapid rise in rank affords an example of General Joffre's perspicuous recognition of merit.

A HOUSE TURNED INTO A STRONGHOLD: GERMAN FORTIFICATION.

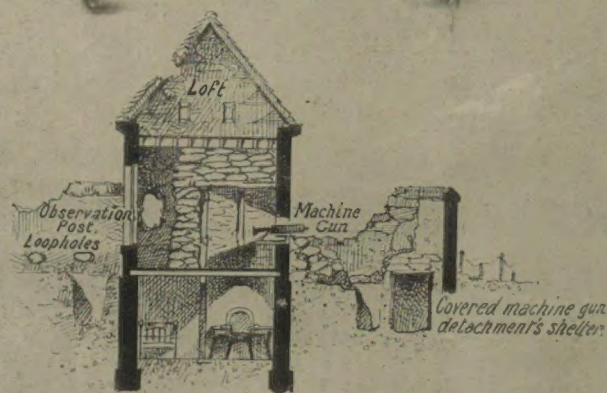


GROUND PLAN

UNDERGROUND PLAN



LONGITUDINAL SECTION A-B.



TRANSVERSE SECTION C-D.

HOW THE GERMANS CONVERTED A HOUSE INTO A SMALL FORTRESS: PLANS OF A GERMAN COMMANDER'S HEADQUARTERS AT ABLAIN ST. NAZAIRE, CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH.

Evidence of German thoroughness is to be found in the solid and systematic character of their trenches and field-works. It shows itself also in their methodical way of fortifying ordinary houses and other buildings, and converting them into strong, defensive positions. A case in point is here illustrated from plans made by the French after they captured the village of Ablain St. Nazaire, near Souchez. These plans show how the Germans fortified the principal building in the village street; how they strengthened the walls with sand-bags, cut loop-holes and observation-holes, fitted up machine-gun

emplacements, dug trenches, and constructed shelters. In describing the capture of the village, a French *communiqué* said: "We carried, first, the greater part, and afterwards the whole, of the houses of Ablain which the enemy still held. We are now masters of the whole village. The fighting was very hot. We annihilated, or put to flight, three German companies." A later official account said: "We found a large amount of ammunition and food. Five hundred German bodies were found in the ruins, and we captured 500 prisoners and 14 machine-guns."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

GABA TEPE BEACH: THE AUSTRALASIAN BASE AT GALLIPOLI.



THE WAR STORES DEPÔT FOR THE DIVISION: HANDLING MUNITIONS, WAR STORES, AND GENERAL SUPPLIES ON ARRIVAL BY SHIP.



THE BASE HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL SUPPLY CENTRE: TENTS IN WHICH THE WOUNDED AWAIT TRANSFER TO THE HOSPITAL TRANSPORTS.

Gaba Tepe Beach, where the Australasians so heroically made good their footing on the Gallipoli Peninsula, in April, is shown on the official map as the most easterly of the points at which the troops of Sir Ian Hamilton's Expeditionary Army landed. It has now been made, as our photographs above show in very interesting detail, the base and depôt at which the war stores and supplies of every kind for the Australasian Division are put ashore and collected for transport to the regiments of the attacking line further

inland. Munitions of every kind, in addition to provisions, are disembarked at Gaba Tepe, and, in a number of instances, are carried up the cliff roadway by the transport mules seen in the foreground about to be loaded.—At Gaba Tepe, also, is established the medical depôt and base hospital for the same troops. On August 3 the Press Bureau announced a successful attack on Turkish trenches on the right of the Australasian position, which was thereby much improved. About seventy Turks were killed.

WITH THE FRENCH AT THE DARDANELLES: ON GALLIPOLI BATTLEFIELDS.



WHAT A GUN HAS LEFT BEHIND IT: EMPTY SHELL-CASES.



FRENCH TROOPS IN GALLIPOLI: A REGIMENT REVIEWED.



EVIDENCE OF WAR: SEDD-UL BAHR CASTLE AND BEACH.



WHERE SIGNS OF THE LANDING ARE STILL VISIBLE: ONE OF THE FAMOUS BEACHES.



WATCHING SHELLS FROM ACHI BABA BURSTING: IN A FRENCH RESERVE CAMP.



TYPICAL COUNTRY IN GALLIPOLI: IN THE RAVINE OF THE LITTLE FOUNTAIN.



BEASTS OF BURDEN: A CONVOY OF CEMENT FOR THE FRENCH TROOPS.



AWAITING THEIR TURN: A FRENCH REGIMENT IN RESERVE.



SENEGALESE BRINGING IN TURKISH PRISONERS DURING THE BATTLE OF JULY 12.



A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD WARRIOR: A LITTLE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.



STRETCHER-BEARERS AT WORK: CARRYING IN A WOUNDED FRENCH GENERAL.

The gallant fighting of the French on the right of the Allied line in the Gallipoli Peninsula has been mentioned more than once in Sir Ian Hamilton's despatches. The French forces include Senegalese and other colonial troops from Africa. In the photograph showing Turkish prisoners being brought in during the battle of July 12, the Senegalese in charge of them are, of course, those carrying rifles. In an official Paris

communiqué regarding that battle it was stated: "A first line was carried on the whole of this front, and a second at the close of the day by a magnificent charge of the Zouaves and the Foreign Legion. The following day fresh progress was made. . . . We made more than 200 prisoners, and our Allies took 150. The losses of the enemy, who was frequently surprised in close formations by our artillery, are extremely heavy."

"AT EVERY POINT WHERE HIS PRESENCE IS MOST NEEDED": THE TSAR.



AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

"The Russian Army," said the Grand Duke Nicholas the other day, "like the Armies of the Allies, draws its strength from the principles for which it fights and from the certainty of final victory." Those principles are well represented by the Emperor of Russia, and his Majesty is carrying out his military duties assiduously, ever setting the example. As far back as April, he had visited the fighting lines on seven occasions, and he has, of course, been at the front since then; this to say nothing of many visits to wounded and to workers for the war. In the British Army the Emperor is Colonel-in-Chief of the 2nd Dragoons (the Royal Scots Greys). Our

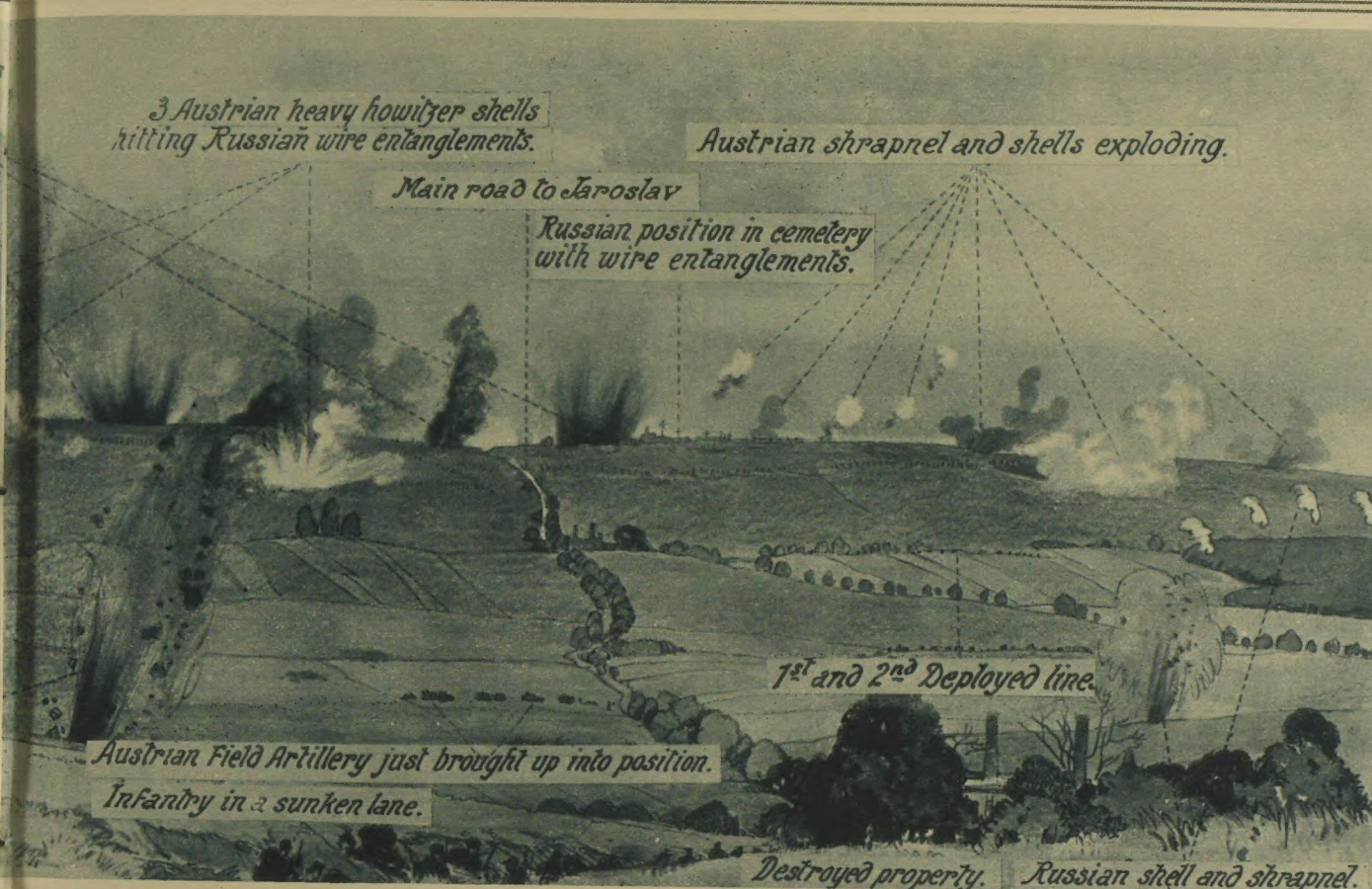
picture, which is reproduced by courtesy of the Commanding Officer of the Royal Scots Greys, is on exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery, among the special loan collection of naval and military works by artists of Great Britain and her Allies, France, Russia, and Belgium. It is by M. Serov. The catalogue note as to it contains the following significant remark: "In the present campaign, his Majesty is at every point where his presence is most needed, instilling into his troops, from the highest to the lowliest, the spirit and enthusiasm so needed in the colossal undertaking to which the Russian nation is committed."

THE ENEMY EAST AND WEST: THE STORMING OF JAROSLAV; GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS; A KING AND VON HINDENBURG.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 3 BY ST. STEPHEN'S BUREAU.



THE STORMING OF JAROSLAV BY THE AUSTRO-GERMAN FORCES ON MAY 15: A GERMAN DRAWING MADE ON



THE SPOT FROM A DISTANCE OF 1300 YARDS, AT 6 P.M., SHORTLY AFTER THE ACTUAL INFANTRY ASSAULT.



IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF OPERATIONS: THE ARRIVAL OF FRESH TROOPS FROM GERMANY—A COLUMN OF TRANSPORT-WAGONS AND EQUIPMENT.



A GERMAN ROYALTY: THE KING OF SAXONY WALKING WITH FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG.



(ON THE LEFT) WALKING WITH FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG (MUCH DECORATED).



IN THE EASTERN THEATRE OF OPERATIONS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A GERMAN ENCAMPMENT NEAR NEU-SANDEC, IN WESTERN GALICIA.

The capture of Jaroslav, which is situated some seventeen miles north of Przemyśl, took place during the great German advance in Galicia upon the latter fortress, which fell on June 3. An Austrian communiqué of May 15 stated: "On the San, our troops have captured Rudnik and Lesajsk, both north-west of Jaroslav, and the Germans have occupied Jaroslav." A German official statement of May 17 said: "Near and north of Jaroslav, we succeeded at several points in crossing the San," and that of the following day said: "In the south-eastern theatre of war north of Przemyśl, from the south of Jaroslav as far as north of the Vistok and the San, the German and Austro-Hungarian troops fought for the passage of the San." A Russian communiqué of May 18 stated: "Near Jaroslav the Germans, heedless of the countless losses inflicted on them by our very severe artillery fire, are endeavouring to establish themselves on the right bank of the San. At this point in the course of the day we brought down several enemy aeroplanes which were correcting the fire

of the numerous enemy batteries."—Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, here seen with the King of Saxony, had not until recently been much heard of since his winter advance on Warsaw, but there has lately been what may be described as a Hindenburg revival. The German paper "Vossische Zeitung" wrote on July 18: "It was like the meeting of best friends after a long parting when Berlin last night received the significant report from the German Headquarters about the victories of the Hindenburg armies. After long weeks of silence, or of very scanty news, the name of Hindenburg was again on every tongue. There was much rejoicing, and flags were brought out. People said hopefully: 'That is a beginning. Hindenburg is again at work, counting up the spoils.' Nobody possesses the love of the people as Hindenburg does." The Kaiser recently met von Hindenburg at the Castle of Posen, and Germany is dating the German offensive in Poland from that meeting. He is said to have invited Dr. Sven Hedin to be present at the "imminent capture of Warsaw," adding: "Be quick if you want to be in time."

THE CHIEF OBJECTIVE OF THE GERMAN INVASION OF POLAND: WARSAW, THE THIRD CITY OF RUSSIA.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY LONDON: NO. 4 BY E.N.A.



CONNECTING WARSAW WITH ITS SUBURB PRAGA: THE ALEXANDROVSK BRIDGE OVER THE VISTULA.



A PICTURESQUE PORTION OF THE POLISH CAPITAL: WARSAW—THE MARJENSZTAD.



WARSAW: A PANORAMA OF THE CITY FROM THE TOP OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH



NAMED AFTER ONE OF THE KINGS OF POLAND KING SIGISMUND'S SQUARE, WARSAW.



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE CAPITAL OF POLAND: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WARSAW.



THE VISTULA AT WARSAW: A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE ALEXANDROVSK BRIDGE BETWEEN WARSAW AND PRAGA

It was generally assumed, from news published on July 30, that the Russians had decided to abandon Warsaw to the Germans, and to retire on a new line further east, with its centre at Brest-Litovsk. Warsaw, the third city in size and importance of the Russian Empire, after Petrograd and Moscow, is situated on the left bank of the Vistula, bridges across which connect it with its suburb Praga. The first mention of Warsaw in history occurs under the year 1224. It was subsequently, until 1526, the residence of the Dukes of Mazovia, and about 1550 became a royal residence. It was in 1609 that Warsaw first became formally the capital of Poland, during the reign of Sigismund III, who died at Warsaw in 1632. At one time he was also King of Sweden. Warsaw has frequently been besieged and captured, and its ancient streets have seen much bloodshed. The city was taken by the Swedes in 1655-6, and by the Russians in 1764 and 1793. In the following year it resisted a Prussian siege, but later surrendered to the Russian General Suvarof. Russia ceded it to Prussia in

1795. In 1806 Warsaw was occupied by the troops of Napoleon, who made it the capital of a Grand Duchy of Warsaw. The Russians finally occupied it in 1813. Rebellion broke out in the city in 1830, and the next year it was stormed by the Russian General Paskevitch. Warsaw was also the centre of the Polish insurrection of 1863. It has both a Roman Catholic and a Greek Archbishopric, and a University with a famous medical school. De Lesseps prophesied that in the twentieth century Warsaw would become the greatest city of the Continent. During the last half-century it has grown amazingly. Its population, which is mainly Polish and Jewish, in 1860 was 161,000; in 1913 it was returned as 825,000, a figure since increased by about a quarter. It is an important centre of industry and commerce, and forms the junction of the main railway lines from Berlin and Vienna to Moscow. There are three bridges across the Vistula. A curious point about one—the Alexandrovsk Bridge—is that smoking is forbidden upon it, although it is constructed of iron. Warsaw, it may be added, is an unfortified city.



THE FADING OF ST. SOFIA AT THE FIDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK.



THE SETTING UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREAT AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRALLIS & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE—ST. SOFIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

GROUSE AND THE WAR.

"ENVY, Hatred, and Malice, and all Uncharitableness," stiffened with Ignorance, were pitifully apparent in the opposition displayed the other day in the House of Commons to the proposed Bill legalising the shooting of grouse this year on Aug. 5—seven days in advance of the statutory time. Such spiteful fatuousness on the part of a body of men which likes to regard itself as intelligent and well-informed is amazing.

That the grouse moors of Scotland are, indeed, a valuable national asset is a fact that the majority of our legislators are evidently quite unable to appreciate, and I have no intention of entering into figures to demonstrate their folly; but, rather, I propose here to outline the facts which inspired the promoters of the Bill, whose responsibility is now at an end.

By careful "nursing," the stock of grouse in Scotland has been raised to, and maintained at, a far

this sustenance fails, it becomes impossible to sustain the drain upon the system entailed by the demands of these uninvited guests, and "Grouse Disease" is the result.

The most formidable of these, in so far as the adult birds are concerned, is a small "Nematode," or "Thread-worm" (*Trichostrongylus pergracilis*), which causes the disease known as "Strongylosis." This worm is to be found in large numbers in the blind appendage of the large intestine, known as the cæcum. When, from a shortage of food, these parasites migrate for the purpose of assuaging their hunger, they pierce the intestine, thereby permitting hosts of bacillus coli to escape into the body-cavity, there to set up peritonitis, which is speedily followed by death. Human appendicitis is probably caused, in many cases at any rate, by the similar action of a nearly related worm—*Trichospondylus trichurus*.

The grouse thread-worm, in normal times, lays its eggs in the cæcum of its host, and they escape with its excrement, there to undergo development in the

young have attained to their full powers of flight, and as many old birds during this week, before they get too wild; when it is impossible to get within range without properly organised "drives," now out of the question owing to the demands of the War.

As a result of overstocking, a heavy mortality is to be anticipated among the grouse chicks next year from the disease known as "Coccidiosis." This is due to the inroads of an excessively minute parasite living within the intestine. When the tone of the body of its host is lowered by untoward circumstances, the invader feeds upon the lining membrane of the intestine upon the integrity of which the processes of digestion depend. Thus, malnutrition speedily follows, and this brings on diarrhoea, and death within a few hours. Fresh crops of death are sown by the dying birds, the spores of the parasite escaping with the copious expulsions of excrement to contaminate the food of the yet healthy.

Killing the birds by shooting does not affect the parasites: these are always present, but they are



PRIMARILY CONCERNED IN THE RECENT BILL TO ALTER "THE 12TH" TO "THE 5TH": GROUSE ON THE WING, AND BEATERS FLANKING THE PACK INTO THE GUNS.

Lord Lovat recently introduced in the House of Lords a Bill to legalise the shooting of grouse in Scotland this year from August 5, instead of, as usual, the 12th, in view of the scarcity of "guns" caused by the war. Owing to opposition in the House of Commons, the Bill was abandoned.

Drawn by G. E. Lodge.

higher level than would be possible under natural conditions; that is to say, the numbers of grouse are far higher than would be the case if the birds were left to fend entirely for themselves. The moors at present are made to support the utmost limit in point of numbers compatible with health. Any increase above this limit spells disaster, for it means that the food supply of the birds will fall short of requirements, and hence must follow famine, disease, and death, and to the country at large a financial loss which in these critical times can ill be afforded.

The factors of disease lurk at all times within the bodies of the birds themselves, in the form of internal parasites. The incidence of disease will fall first upon the adult, and, later, on the young birds.

Grouse, like all other birds, are victimised by internal parasites, the ravages of which can be resisted only so long as there is an abundance of food to ensure the maintenance of vigorous health. When

"droppings." In due time the worms appear, climb up the stems of heather plants, and, ensconcing themselves in drops of dew collected at the tips of the tender shoots which the birds love, are swallowed, and thus lay the foundation of new generations. The whole cycle of development is completed in about fifteen days. It is not surprising to find, then, that the heather is swarming with these pernicious creatures. Thus it is that the greater the number of the birds on a given area, the greater the infecting capacity of the moor. Moreover, on most moors only a small proportion of heather is suitable for food, so that, of necessity, the chances of infection are greatest within these areas. Thus the number of birds which can survive depends, not on the size of the moor, but on areas of food-supply.

The object of the proposed Bill was to enable keepers, in the absence of their masters in the service of their country, and those incapacitated from military service, to kill as many birds as possible before the

GROUSE-DRIVING EARLY IN THE SEASON: TIRED CHEEPERS (YOUNG BIRDS) SETTLING, WHILE THE OLD ONES CONTINUE THEIR FLIGHT TO THE GUNS.

There are two methods of shooting grouse—over dogs and by driving. In Scotland, owing to the steepness of the slopes, shooting over dogs is most favoured, while in England the birds are usually driven, as English grouse are hatched earlier, and are stronger on the wing by August 12.

Drawn by G. E. Lodge.

innocuous while the bodies of their hosts are well nourished.

The ground is cleansed as much as possible by periodically burning the heather, which destroys the parasites lurking therein and induces new, uninfected growth; but its contamination is, sooner or later, inevitable.

In addition to the parasites just described, grouse also suffer from the ravages of tape-worms, one species of which, *Hymenolepis microps*, is so transparent as to be almost invisible when alive, and hence has, till lately, escaped detection. Unfortunately, it is fairly common, and probably causes much mortality.

Such, in brief outline, are the facts known to the promoters of the Bill so wantonly flung aside. We can only hope that the consequences will be less serious than is anticipated.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

AT A RUDE ALTAR OF BOXES: MASS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS PRICE, OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTIST IN ITALY.



THE ELEVATION OF THE HOST: ALPINI KNEELING, WHILE THE ARTILLERY, FORCED TO CONTINUE THEIR ADVANCE WITHOUT A STOP, CROSS THEMSELVES DEVOUTLY.

The innate piety and religious spirit of the Italian Army have been evident in every step of our Ally's campaign against Austria, and our illustration affords one more proof of their all-pervading influence. In this wild, mountainous district on the road to Pontebba, a rude altar of rough boxes was set up; the altar-cloth was a soldier's blanket; the priest's assistants were soldiers. It was a common soldier who rang the bell at the Elevation of the Host, and the kneeling troops told of the devout spirit in which they had entered

not only into the Divine Service, but also into the war. The passing artillerymen bared their heads and piously made the sign of the Cross, and in the distance a sentry before a row of grey tents fell on his knees. Even in the haste of a rapid transport of guns, reverence was not forgotten, although it was not possible for the battery to stop. The kneeling troops are Alpini, who are encamped in this mountainous district, and have already figured so gallantly in action.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



EVENFALL: SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, 1915.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. SIMONT.

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THE ENEMY ON "PRECEDENTS FOR POISON-GAS"!

A GERMAN DISQUISITION ON THE HISTORY OF "CHEMICAL ATTACK" IN WAR.

Translated from the German of Dr. Albert Neuburger.

IN the following article, translated from a German paper, a German professor, Dr. Albert Neuburger, traces the history of past attempts to use poison-gas in war. Quietly ignoring the moral aspect of the question and the fact that modern nations, including Germany, had pledged themselves to refrain from such methods, he treats them, under colour of a learned disquisition, as though on a par with recognised military uses of chemistry, thus tacitly attempting to justify the revival of former barbarities. That he is conscious of the moral guilt of this revival is shown by his efforts to shift the responsibility on the French.

Dr. Neuburger writes as follows: "The term 'attack' suggests to us involuntarily the idea of battalions charging with lowered bayonets, or bodies of cavalry rushing upon the enemy with brandished swords, to force them back by the weight of the impact. If we consider this kind of attack and its effects we find that, speaking from the purely physical standpoint, it is a mechanical action that is in question. In fact, for a long time, all warfare was in the nature of mechanical work; that is to say, an effect determined by the two factors of mass and velocity. Whether the soldiers themselves advanced to attack, or whether

behind the arrow-head, with a perforated tube containing tow, resin, sulphur, and petroleum. They were ignited before being launched.

"Chemical attack" called for 'chemical defence.' At first, attempts were made to render incendiary arrows ineffective by throwing earth upon them. Subsequently cloths saturated with vinegar were found to be a still better means; and then began the old competition between weapons of attack and weapons of defence. The question now was to find chemical substances, the flames of which could not be extinguished by the cloths saturated with vinegar thrown upon them.

It has frequently been asserted that one of the most famous chemical means of attack—the 'Greek fire'—was prepared with the use of saltpetre. It is said to have been invented by Kallinikos of Heliopolis about 660, but probably it was used even at an earlier age—viz., under Constantine the Great in the fourth century after Christ. Although it has not hitherto been elucidated for certain whether the Greek fire contained saltpetre, its composition, as far as can be ascertained, shows at any rate that even at that early period very ingeniously devised chemical mixtures were used as weapons of attack, seeing that Greek fire contained not only readily inflammable substances such as pitch, resin, and petroleum, but also sulphur and quicklime. If it was thrown upon water, the quicklime, by being quenched in water, generated heat sufficient to ignite the petroleum, which, on its part, developed enough heat to ignite the other combustible substances. But the light hydrocarbons disengaged from the evaporating petroleum, more especially benzene, formed, with air, an explosive mixture. Thus explosions took place, and enormous clouds of smoke and soot were developed. Then the sulphur also caught fire, and in its combustion formed a gas of very highly asphyxiating action—viz., sulphurous acid, which renders approach impossible and serves to expel the enemy from his position. Thus we are already coming near to the

present-day methods of fighting. It was impossible to extinguish the fire, because water poured upon it only served to spread the petroleum, and thus propagate the fire. But they went still further. Large syringes were used, after the style of fire-engines, the mouths having the shape of dragons and other monsters with wide-open jaws. From these orifices the Greek fire or other burning liquids, especially petroleum, was squirted towards the enemy, who fled, terrified and stupefied by the poisonous gases. Greek fire was still in use at the time of the Crusades, in the thirteenth century after Christ, when it was employed by the Saracens against the Christians with the aid of the devices just described. Subsequently, its secret was lost, but the idea still survives.

In the American War against the Southern States, in 1861 to 1865, they reverted again to chemical attack. To

solution of phosphorus in sulphuret of carbon. When these shells burst, the solution poured over the buildings to be destroyed. The sulphuret of carbon evaporated, the phosphorus ignited spontaneously on contact with the atmosphere, and its fire soon ignited other combustible substances. Extinction was impossible. This mode of chemical attack, however, fell into disuse after the termination of the American Civil War, because it was too dangerous even for the attackers' own troops.

It appears that it was not until the present war that German chemical science succeeded in creating a new and better basis for chemical attacks. Again and again the reports of the French General Staff have stated that the Germans poured burning liquid over the trenches. But the French themselves also make chemical attacks. The report of the Great Headquarters of June 7, 1915, states that they poured a readily inflammable liquid upon the German trenches, but nevertheless failed to penetrate into our positions. The enemy fled back to their own trenches with heavy losses. It is impossible at the present moment to say what was the cause of the failure of this French 'chemical attack'—but from the very first the Germans have been better technical chemists than the French!

But a chemical attack may not only be carried out by means of burning substances, but also by asphyxiating gases. We know, in fact, from the reports as to Greek fire—as given, for instance, by Vegetius, and as handed down to us from the reports on the Crusades—that the sulphur mixed with it filled the atmosphere with a gas having a highly asphyxiating effect and irritating in nature, inducing coughing. But they were not always in a position to employ sulphur, and therefore tried to act by other means on the respiratory organs and olfactory nerves. Such means presented themselves in the shape of the most varied malodorous substances, especially the lacteous juice of the plant 'Ferula Assafoetida,' which, in the dried state, spreads a terrible garlic-like smell. Balls were made by mixing this dried 'Assafoetida' with starch and gum, etc., and these were thrown at the enemy. The effect was not particularly striking. In the first place, the side using this substance had themselves to suffer by the smell; and secondly, it did not by any means prevent the enemy from advancing. It was only through the progress made in chemistry that more up-to-date and more effective malodorous substances were obtained, such as Cacodyl Oxide, an arsenical combination, Indol, and Scatol, the smell of which suggests manure-heaps, and sulphuret of carbon, which smells like rotten horse-radish, etc. Some of these substances, especially sulphuret of carbon, were employed in the American Civil War, but they did not prove very effective. When chemists learned, subsequently, how to liquefy gases, new possibilities of chemical attack were presented. Liquid sulphurous acid and liquefied chlorine, on being allowed to volatilise, disengage enormous volumes of vapour. The French complain of the chlorine vapours which have been used by the Germans. But it is established by the reports of the German Headquarters that they (the French) themselves had previously employed asphyxiating gases. The English now assert that they have invented masks which are a protection against these vapours, and, as reported in the *Daily Mail*, such protective masks are sold in the streets of London in large quantities. These are to be carried by the Londoners



PICTORIAL PROOF OF GERMANY'S USE OF POISON-GAS AGAINST RUSSIA: A GERMAN GAS-APPARATUS CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS.



A GERMAN PICTORIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE USE OF POISON-GAS: AN ENEMY DRAWING OF CANADIAN TROOPS "GASSED" AT ST. JULIEN.

this attack was prepared by the throwing of arrows, balls, or other projectiles, the only effect produced on the enemy was a mechanical one.

In contrast to this 'mechanical' attack, other processes for destroying the enemy, which we might call 'chemical,' have in former times almost invariably failed to get beyond the initial stages of their development. The idea of pressing chemistry into the service of attack has constantly been reverted to. Such attempts have succeeded, on a large scale, only in an indirect manner, inasmuch as, by the use of explosives, mechanical force was produced by which projectiles were thrown from the muzzle of firearms. But we do not intend to discuss here this mode of indirect chemical attack. In the present war—for the first time on a large scale—direct chemical attack has been utilised in a manner which appears likely to assign to it, now and in the future, an important rôle among methods of warfare.

The idea of destroying the enemy by chemical substances is almost as ancient as warfare itself. At first, of course, its mode of application was of a primitive nature. Flame is always a concomitant feature of the chemical process which we call 'oxidation.' It indicates to us that a substance is combining with the oxygen of the atmosphere. Hence the use of any incendiary medium is a kind of 'chemical attack.' In the earliest ages, people meditated how to destroy the enemy's dwelling-places or fortifications by fire caused from a distance. It is true that Homer was not acquainted with this mode of chemical attack from a distance, but it made its appearance as early as in the Fifth Century before Christ. About 360 B.C., Aeneas described fire-compositions formed of various chemical substances to make them easily ignitable and hard to extinguish. They consisted of pitch, sulphur, tow, incense, and resinous wood-chips. The compound was put into pots, which were thrown, burning, from besieged towns upon the 'tortoise' or shelter under which the besiegers tried to approach the walls. Later on, incendiary arrows came into use, being shot from a distance against the wooden structures of the opponent in order to set them on fire. The incendiary arrows were subsequently enlarged, so that they were even shot from catapults. These incendiary arrows were called, in the Roman Army, 'falaricae.' They were provided,



GERMANY'S FIRST PICTORIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE USE OF POISON-GAS: AN ENEMY DRAWING OF GERMAN TROOPS ADVANCING BEHIND A GAS-CLOUD AT STEENSTRAATE.

begin with, they used, as incendiary projectiles, simple iron balls heated to red heat on field hearths accompanying the troops—also employed in the Prussian Army as recently as the middle of last century. Then chemical mixtures were resorted to, for the first time, for initiating a 'chemical attack.' The Americans filled shells with a

in their pockets, to be put on immediately a German Zeppelin approaches, in order to render ineffective the 'chemical attack' likely to be made by the latter, as alleged, by gas bombs. Thus, in this instance, also, 'chemical attack,' in its latest form, has led to measures of defence, and time only can tell whether these are really effective."

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAPAVETTE, ELWIN NEAME, STUART, SWAIN, BROOKS HUGHES, WESTON, LANGIER, FOULSHAM AND HANFIELD, AND DOVER STREET STUDIOS.



Lieut. Frank Seppings-Wright was the eldest son of the distinguished war-artist who is sending brilliant work from the Russian front to "The Illustrated London News," for which he has acted as special war-artist for many years. Capt. John M. C. Wilcox was the sixth son of the late Major-Gen. Edward R. Cumberland Wilcox, and of Mrs. Wilcox, of Ashburnham Road, Bedford. 2nd Lieut. Laurence Turner Blades was the only son of Mr. Alfred F. Blades, of Abchurch Lane, and Rookfield, Reigate, and nephew of General Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B. Lieut. Roy B. Hatfield was a great-nephew of the late Mr. Mason Jackson, for many years art-editor of "The Illustrated London News." Lieut. E. H. Leigh was the only surviving son of the Hon. Sir Chandos and Lady Leigh, and a grandson of Lord Leigh. Major H. W. Fothergill Cooke was the son of Colonel W. S. Cooke, formerly of the 4th Light Dragoons. Lieut. Charles Zaragoza de la Poer Beresford was the son of the late Capt. C. W. de la Poer Beresford, who was killed in action on

May 9. Lieut. Lionel E. M. Atkinson was the younger son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. J. R. B. Atkinson, of Buckland, Rodwell, Weymouth. His elder brother, Lieut. J. C. Atkinson, 59th Scinde Rifles, was killed in action on December 19. Capt. Hugh Francis Elgee served with distinction on the North-West Frontier of India, and in South-Eastern Soudan. Lieut. Lambert Playfair was the only son of Mr. Harry Playfair, of Assam, and grandson of the late Sir Lambert Playfair, K.C.M.G., for many years Consul-General in Algiers. Lieut. E. R. Vanderspar was mentioned in despatches in February. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderspar, of Newbridge Hill, Bath. Capt. Cecil J. T. Rhys Wingfield was the fifth son of the late Edward Rhys Wingfield, of Barrington Park, Gloucestershire. He married Lady Violet Neta Poulett, sister of Earl Poulett. Capt. Augustus Arthur Cornwallis-FitzClarence was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry FitzClarence, of Ovington Square. In 1910 he married Lady Susan Yorke, sister of the Earl of Hardwicke.

PROOF THAT THE GERMANS MADE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL A TARGET: THE RESTRICTED AREA OF DAMAGE ROUND IT.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE SCULPTOR-RESTORER, LÉON DUCRET, SHOWN IN THE EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL BEFORE AND SINCE THE BOMBARDMENT, AT THE LEICHTER GALLERIES, LONDON. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. ERNST BROWN AND PHILLIPS.



THE GLORY THAT WAS RHEIMS: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WRECKED CATHEDRAL SHOWING ALL BUILDINGS NEAR IT TORN BY SHELLS AND THOSE FURTHER OFF UNDAMAGED.

The wrecking of the beautiful and historic Cathedral of Rheims, one of the chief glories of Gothic architecture, and the burial-place of French Kings, shares with the destruction of the Cloth Hall at Ypres the claim to being the worst act of German vandalism during the war. Since the first bombardment of Rheims, the shelling of the city has continued intermittently, on spite of all protest. As recently as July 17 a French communiqué said: "Twenty shells, fired into Rheims, killed a civilian and seriously wounded another." The principal point

of interest in the above photograph, apart from its comprehensive view of the havoc wrought at Rheims, is the fact that it shows conclusively how the German bombers made the Cathedral their target. It will be observed, on looking into the photograph, that, while the Cathedral itself and all the buildings in its immediate vicinity present a mass of shell-torn ruins, those beyond a certain distance from the Cathedral are practically unscathed by shell-fire. This proves that the Germans are guilty of deliberate intention to destroy it.

THE PERFECT RECOIL; AND THE PERFECT BURLESQUE: AT THE FRONT.



SHOWING THE RECOIL PERFECTLY: A FRENCH "AUTO-CANNON," OR MOTOR-GUN, IN THE ACT OF FIRING WITH 60 DEGREES OF ELEVATION.



BURLESQUING THE KAISER IN A FRENCH VILLAGE UNDER FIRE: A CHASSEUR TROOPER, "DISGUISED" AS WILLIAM II., DELIVERING A HUMOROUS MONOLOGUE AT A LOCAL OPEN-AIR FÊTE.

The Auto-cannon is a French light quick-firer, used on occasion against hostile aircraft, and mounted on a motor-car for rapid transit from point to point. It is seen here in action at the moment of firing. The thin vapour of the smokeless powder of the charge is seen clearing off in the upper right quarter of the photograph; also a jet of thin smoke is escaping at the breech, as it unlocks to take a fresh cartridge. The gun works somewhat on the Maxim principle, with an endless cartridge feed-belt. The gun shown

is aiming at the extremely high angle of 60 deg., and appears at the end of its recoil, after sliding back along the cylinder containing the recoil-springs. It automatically loads itself, and returns to the firing position instantly to discharge the next shot.—Our second photograph shows a village open-air fête incident within range of the enemy's shells. A Chasseur of a cavalry regiment quartered in the place is seen delivering a burlesque monologue, the trooper being made-up to represent the Kaiser.

WITH THE ARMY'S "FATHER AND MOTHER": THE DARDANELLES LEADER.



MAKING A RECONNAISSANCE: GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON ABOARD A DESTROYER.

General Sir Ian Hamilton, in command of the Dardanelles Expeditionary Force, was a spectator—before the great landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula—of the naval attack on the forts of the Narrows on March 18. He arrived direct from England, indeed, just in time to witness the "stupendous events," as he himself puts it, of March 18, on which he cabled to the Secretary of State for War, Lord Kitchener, "my reluctant deduction that the whole of the force under my command would be required to enable the fleet effectively to force the Dardanelles." In the interim, until the troops reached the scene and landed on April 25, Sir Ian Hamilton, in addition to visits to confer with

the General in Command in Egypt, made a reconnaissance of the north-western shore of the Gallipoli Peninsula, "from its isthmus, where it is spanned by the Bulair fortified lines, to Cape Helles at its extremest point," on board a destroyer. "The Royal Navy," Sir Ian said in his despatch, "has been Father and Mother to the Army." We see the General with officers of his staff on board. Sir Ian is the third of the three officers in the middle of the photograph. He is standing amidships, and the nearest to the reader, wearing a neck-shade to his field-cap, and has his hands, holding a field-glass, behind him.

BATTLE-MASKS; "HELMETS"; BREASTPLATES: THE NEW MAN-AT-ARMS.



ARMoured AND ARMED: TWENTIETH-CENTURY INFANTRY EQUIPPED IN BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN MANNER.

Features of the war which have attracted universal surprise and attention have been the way in which long-obsolete battle-weapons and defensive armour have again been resorted to. We have dealt with the development in these pages and in the "Illustrated War News"—showing hand-grenades, catapults, steel caps, shields, old-type mortars, etc., illustrating the various revivals as each made its appearance, ever since they first began to be utilised last autumn during the trench-warfare on the Aisne. Here the reader may see practically all of them at a glance, as they are worn by the twentieth-century soldier. To the left is a soldier begoggled and muzzled against German

poison-gas, wearing a species of equipment not unlike that ancient Chinese warriors originally used in opposing "stink-pot" and "smoke-ball" attacks. In the centre and on the right are two bombers, or hand-grenade flingers, each wearing the steel skull-cap worn in action as late as the seventeenth century. James II., when Duke of York, and most of his officers used to wear them in the sea-battles with the Dutch underneath be-feathered wide-brimmed felt hats. The pair also carry hand-grenades, slung at the waist, deadly looking cut-and-thrust weapons, like any mediaeval swashbuckler, and wear steel breast-plates

THE SIMPLE LIFE OF ROYALTY: AT WINDSOR AND SAN ILDEFONSO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



ROYAL SIMPLE LIFE AT WINDSOR: PRINCE HENRY IS GREETED BY LOYAL CHILDREN IN MARTIAL FASHION.



THE KING ACKNOWLEDGES UNUSUAL MILITARY SALUTES: KING GEORGE WITH PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK, AT WINDSOR.



HEIR TO THE SPANISH THRONE: THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS WITH THE QUEEN AND DON JUAN.



OUT RIDING AT SAN ILDEFONSO: THE INFANTA BEATRICE OF SPAIN.



THE INFANTA MARIA CHRISTINA: A PONY RIDE AT SAN ILDEFONSO.



QUEEN VICTORIA EUGENIE AND HER CHILDREN: A ROYAL FAMILY GROUP AT SAN ILDEFONSO.



"IN MARTIAL MOOD": QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN WITH HER CHILDREN IN THE GROUNDS OF SAN ILDEFONSO.

The simple pleasures of Royalty of to-day are emphasised in this year of almost universal war, anxiety, and mourning, and our pictures show the very homely holiday-making of the British and Spanish Royal Families at Windsor and at San Ildefonso. King George enjoys nothing better than a canter in Windsor Park, and the more so when Princess Mary, who is an excellent horsewoman, is his companion. Prince Alexander of Teck, who married Princess Alice of Albany, lives, when in England, at Henry III. Tower, Windsor Castle, and his brother, the Duke of Teck, is Governor and Constable of the Castle.—Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain is the daughter of Princess Henry of Batten-

berg, and is devoted to her children, with a group of whom her Majesty is enjoying a real holiday at San Ildefonso, La Granja, a small but pretty town and popular summer resort at the foot of the Pico de Peñalara. The climate is Alpine in character, and the scenery very picturesque. In the little pony-carriage group the little Princesses Beatrice and Maria Christina are riding, and the Prince of the Asturias and Don Juan at the heads of the ponies. In the last photograph are (from left to right): The Prince of the Asturias, Don Jaime, the Infanta Beatrice, the Infanta Maria Christina, Don Juan, and Queen Victoria.

LITERATURE.

"India and the War."

The magnificent rally of India to the flag of her King-Emperor has been one of the most wonderful and inspiring results of the war, even more surprising than that of the Dominions attached to us by bonds of blood. Along with South Africa, India, by her spontaneous loyalty, has afforded the supreme justification of British Imperial rule. In a little book called "India and the War" (Hodder and Stoughton), the grand tale of Indian contributions, in men and money, to the British cause is very usefully summarised and placed on record. Half the letter-press consists of an introduction by Lord Sydenham, who, as Sir George Clarke, was for many years Governor of Bombay, giving an interesting *résumé* of British rule in India. The rest is made up of various official documents, speeches and Press extracts bearing on Indian history and the present war. They include Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858 (India's "Magna Charta"), that of King Edward in 1908, the present King-Emperor's Message to the Princes and Peoples of India on Sept. 8 last, Lord Crewe's speech in the House of Lords detailing the splendid offers from Indian Princes, statements by Indian public men, and Sir James Willcocks' message to the Indian Army Corps, as its Commander-in-Chief, on the eve of taking the field in Europe. The book is illustrated with sixteen colour-plates of various types of Indian troops, and sixteen portraits in half-tone of Indian native rulers. Each illustration is accompanied by a short historical or biographical note. There is also a map of India. These illustrations alone make the book a cheap shilling's-worth. This souvenir of a great occasion in Anglo-Indian history ought to be widely circulated, to increase popular knowledge of our Indian fellow-subjects.

"The Near East from Within."

The present war has much to answer for: much misery, much despair, great tribulation, and many books, more especially books of the mysterious kind, by persons too important to reveal their names—people who, we are given to understand, are and have been behind the scenes from the first, and know everything and everybody personally, from the Pope to the obscurest journalist. These writers are often very tantalising: they hint vaguely at many

on is scarcely equal to their assumed omniscience of the present. This is, indeed, the touchstone by which their credibility may be tested—nevertheless, it is not infallible. A knowledge of contemporary facts may co-exist with a total ignorance of antecedent facts, for the listener, no matter how acute he may be, does not always know what remarks may have led up to the conversation he is over-hearing. "The Near East from Within," just published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., and illustrated by thirteen

photogravure portraits of Near Eastern personages, is one of these amazing books. The author, like a certain liqueur brandy, is described by four stars, and is, of course, a member of the ubiquitous German secret service. It is, therefore, somewhat remarkable that he frequently refers to a late German diplomatist as Von Bieberstein. Speaking of M. Hartwig, the Russian Minister to Serbia, who died so mysteriously, he entirely omits the fact that M. Hartwig had left Teheran to come to Belgrade, and that in the former capital he had been the consistent opponent of Great Britain, often ignoring his own Government's instructions in his anti-British zeal. The story of the wane of Russian influence and the rise of German ascendancy in Constantinople is told with much verisimilitude, but is, unfortunately, misleading. It is to the skill of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, not to the histrionic ability of the mercurial German Emperor, that this diplomatic triumph must be ascribed. The account of the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia is equally lacking in inside information. That sordid event

was less of a romantic tragedy than has been represented. In spite of all its superficiality and mistakes, the book is, nevertheless, extremely interesting, and while its details cannot always be trusted, the general picture is, in the main, correct.



AN EPOCH-MARKING DAY FOR THE EMPIRE: SIR R. BORDEN, CANADA'S PREMIER, RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

The presentation of the Freedom of the City of London to Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Premier, at the Guildhall on July 29, as testimony of Great Britain's recognition of the Empire's immense debt to Canada and her heroic sons on the battlefield, was an Imperial event of epoch-marking significance. It was attended by the whole Cabinet and practically all the Members of both Houses of Parliament. We show here the scene on the platform. Sir Robert Borden is seen standing in front. To the reader's right, seated in the front row, are Mr. Asquith and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the left of the front row on that side of the Canadian Premier are Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Austen Chamberlain.

things they dare not write, and leave the mind of the reader in a state of puzzled bewilderment, wondering what tremendous revelations they could not make "an they would." Often their knowledge of the historical events immediately preceding the contemporary intrigues dilated



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LADIES' PAGE.

THERE has never been in my recollection a season in which the dress described and depicted as "fashionable" was so little to be seen in real life as is the case this year. Hardly one woman in thousands even attempts to look like a current fashion-plate at present, and only restrained and quiet styles are worn even by rich Society ladies. This is easily to be understood. The fashion theories represent the desire of the dressmakers to stimulate business: as Harrison, Shakespeare's contemporary, says in his "Survey of England," in ordinary times, "the fantastical folly of our nation, from the courtier to the carter," leads people to lay aside good apparel, merely in order "to receive some other trinket newly devised by the fickle-headed tailors, who covet to have several tricks in cutting whereby to draw fond [i.e., foolish] customers to more expense of money." But the actual dress worn represents now partly the lack of money and partly how we all feel the seriousness of life at present. However, some new clothes are indispensable, and by degrees change comes about. Fuller skirts are thoroughly establishing themselves; and to buy, at however low a price, a narrow skirt, unless it can be taken into wear and disposed of immediately, is most short-sighted and unwise. Very full skirts are as inconvenient as the absurdly tight ones that some women have been wearing, and such a moderate fullness and slight swirl as is now usually made—moderately wide ones being really not seen—is most sensible. Especially will it be desirable to retain but a slight increase of fullness in the new autumn skirts, when the heavier fabrics proper to the coming colder weather have also weight of their own which it is detrimental to health to increase by unnecessary fullness of cut. There is at present, in fact, a sensible moderation of width in the September models, from which the autumn gowns will be prepared.

Some skirts are to be cut on the umbrella or circular principle; others have a fitted hip-yoke, with a fuller portion put on below it; and, yet again, fine, soft, and pliable materials in fine wool or silk and wool are conveniently fitted to the hips by several rows of gauging, the material thence falling loosely at its own will. A new style very suitable for slender figures is a sort of mediæval cuirass cut—that is to say, a loose-fitting, sleeveless coat effect for the corsage, cut as straight up-and-down as it can be, and in length well to cover the hips, finished at the top with shoulder-straps, with a slightly full or gathered skirt-piece set on a lining underneath the cuirass top. The skirt and the sleeves, and also the small vest or yoke seen between the V-shaped cut-down edges of the throat, are usually of a different material from the cuirass-like bodice. For instance, a new model shown me ready for early autumn has a skirt and sleeves of a dark-blue, green, and violet narrowly striped Ottoman silk, and the cuirass of dark-blue crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed round everywhere—at the throat opening, round the fall-back high Tudor collar,



A SUMMER DRESS.

This frock is carried out in Belgian-blue linen with bands of dull red, embroidered in blue of a lighter and darker tone.

round the cut-out (which is very deep) for the arm-holes, and round the bottom edge—with a narrow line of skunk fur. A reliable forecast is of the use of fur rather largely for trimmings this autumn. Basques in some form are to be fashionable, and short skirts will remain in use. The combination of a certain degree of full "flare" and shortness of the skirts is an indication that petticoats are to be worn, naturally fairly close-fitting; taffetas and satin are the best materials, and the make need not be at all elaborate, since the short skirt is, of course, never held up to show the under-skirt. Young girls' day dresses will be made in the simplest of styles, practically like pinafores, belted round the waist more or less widely with some bright-coloured silk or fabric, and daintily finished off at the throat, as with a frill upstanding behind the head, or a deep lace yoke.

The sale system has been adopted by the well-known "beauty specialist," Mrs. Adair, at whose London address, 92, New Bond Street, a ten per cent. reduction in all preparations is to be made up to Aug. 12. Mrs. Adair calls her special preparations for the complexion "Ganesh." One of her appliances is famous for removing (by the "Ganesh Chin-Strap," worn at night) the disfigurement of a flabby double chin. The "Ganesh" Eastern oil, akin to the natural oil of the skin, fills out hollows; and there are creams and washes in variety to be had, enumerated in Mrs. Adair's booklet, sent free by post to applicants, while free consultation is given at above address.

Potatoes have been recently raised in the scale of diet by scientific authority. Dr. Hinche, the food expert of the Danish Government, declares that potatoes constitute, on the whole, the most valuable article of food that we can easily obtain. He has proved, he says, that a man can live without injury for months on nothing but potatoes and butter and some bananas; also that this diet cures gout. But his book is of little or no service to the British housewife, because he counts eggs so cheap and makes such plentiful use in his recipes of skimmed milk. Denmark, being a great butter-making country, has, naturally, a large supply of this cheap and nourishing fluid, which we here can hardly ever obtain. New importance has also been given to the potato by the experiments of Professor Chittenden, of Yale University, who claims to have proved that the proportion of "proteids" required in our diet is much less than was hitherto declared. In this element of food potatoes are lacking, but if the supply of "proteid" really has less importance than hitherto supposed, then the potato comes nearer to the standard. It is too starchy to be an adequate food alone, and also it is deficient in fat, but a small addition of some nitrogen-rich and fatty food-stuffs will cheaply supply these lacking elements. Let milk, cheese, and butter, or margarine or dripping, as in mashed potatoes, or, as is done in some more elaborate recipes, brown flour, oatmeal, etc., be added to potatoes in cooking, and a cheap and yet properly balanced dish is easily obtained.

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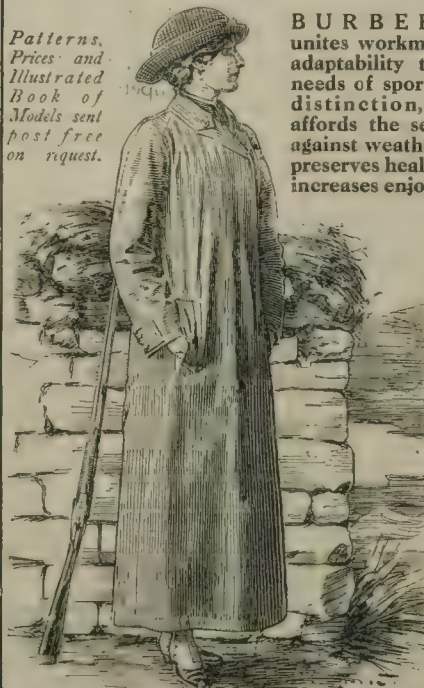
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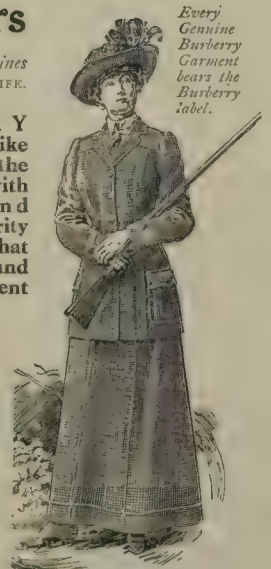
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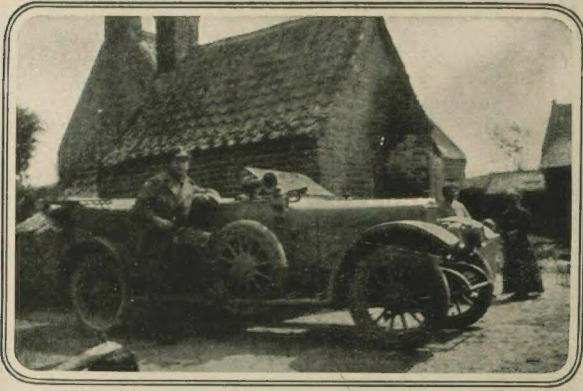
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Brooklands Meeting.

There is to be held next Saturday, by the British Motor-Cycling Racing Club, an All-Khaki Meeting at Brooklands. The events, eleven in number, are open to any member of the British Army, Navy, or Allied Forces, all the competitors having to ride in uniform. Starting at two o'clock, this race-meeting will have more events of a general sports character than speed contests, though, of course, these figure strongly in the programme. Hill-climbing, slow race, changing plugs, sandwich the sprints for solo and passenger machines, so that visitors to Brooklands should have plenty of amusement during the afternoon. As July 20 was the eighth anniversary of the opening of this motor-racing track at Weybridge, this meeting may be looked upon as a birthday function, so it is to be hoped it will be as successful as such parties ought to be. The motor world owes much to Mr. Locke-King for his enterprise in building the track, as from a financial point of view it has not been as successful as one could have wished;



THE ALWAYS WELCOME "SUNBEAM": A VILLAGE SCENE "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

An officer at the front has sent to the "Sunbeam" Motor-Car Company this photograph, taken outside headquarters, and the building at the back of the car has since been shelled and destroyed. He writes: "I must express my admiration of the 16-h.p. Sunbeams. I brought one out here in February last, and by its consistent running it has won admiration from all officers in the Division. She has given no mechanical trouble whatever, and, considering the mileage I do, and the minimum amount of attention one can give a car out here, this speaks very well for the 16."

while from the mechanical-improvement outlook it has more than filled its part in the advancement of the petrol motor. In fact, the high-efficiency engine has been developed there.

Holiday Jaunts.

I wonder if all the children who are home for their holidays will remember to collect eggs for our wounded soldiers and sailors when on motor trips these next eight weeks? Children have played a most important part in the National Egg Collection, and it is to be hoped that now they are back again in our midst they will continue the excellent work they have done in the past, or begin on this scheme if they have not already taken part in it. The head depot of the collection, where eggs should be sent, is at Messrs. Harrods, Ltd., Trevor Square, London, S.W.; but all cash or correspondence is dealt with by the Hon. Sec., Mr. R. J. Dartnall, 154, Fleet Street, E.C. My little cycling and motoring friends can spare a few coppers to buy new-laid eggs from the cottagers, and no doubt their parents will see that these are forwarded to the head depot for distribution.

Two Lieutenant Motorists.

Adeline was one of the French heroes recently killed in the Argonne. Most motorists who visit Paris will remember this gallant gentleman, as he was chief of the Avon Tyre Company's depot in that city. For five months he fought the good fight, being promoted from sergeant to Second Lieutenant, mentioned twice in despatches, decorated on the field with the Medaille Militaire, and proposed shortly before his death for the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Now his chief has also passed away, as Mr. F. T. Swanborough, the joint managing director of the Avon India-rubber Company, died after a short illness last week at Melksham. I think this gentleman was the sunniest-tempered man in the motor industry, and everybody who came in contact with him will be truly sorry that he has been so suddenly taken from his useful work. An indefatigable worker himself, his cheerful, pleasant manner not only brightened the work of all his employees, but they gave him of their best. No trouble seemed to depress him or put him out of temper, and all those connected with the rubber industry know that severe have

been the trials of that trade at times. Three hundred of this firm's employees are serving with the colours, so these Wiltshire mills have sent their quota to the front.

Taxis in the Park.

Permits admitting taxi motor-cabs to Hyde Park are now being issued by his Majesty's Office of Works to hospitals and other



THE KING AT COVENTRY: HOW SHELLS ARE MADE.

When his Majesty visited Coventry last week he inspected several works, among them the Rover Company's in Warwick Row, where the King is seen in our photograph interested in details concerning the production of shells, which are being explained to him by Mr. Harry Smith. In the group are: Sir Charles Cust, Mr. Harry Smith (Managing-Director), Lord Stamfordham, H.M. the King, Mr. Mark Wild (Works Manager), Captain F. H. Browning, Major Clive Wigram, and, behind Lord Stamfordham, the Mayor of Coventry (Councillor M. K. Pridmore), the Town Clerk (Mr. George Sutton), and members of the Coventry Armaments Output Committee.

institutions that make arrangements for drives for wounded soldiers and sailors. Perhaps this notification will enable those motorists who wish to take part in the good work, but who now have no car, to join in these real joy-rides for the convalescent wounded. This also reminds me that an ambulance trailer that can be attached to any private motor-carriage is now obtainable at a small cost. A most successful demonstration of its usefulness took place last week at Selby Oak Station, near Birmingham, where a Red Cross train bringing wounded from France for the University Hospital utilised no fewer than a dozen of these trailer ambulances attached to all sorts and conditions of private cars, and efficiently conveyed the wounded to their destination. The cars ranged from the big six-cylinder Lan- chester to the tiny 10-h.p. Singer, and one and all were quite capable of drawing the trailer without any discomfort to its occupants. These Alldays-Tailby trailers, on two wheels, should prove a great addition to the existing motor ambulance voluntary fleet.

W. W.

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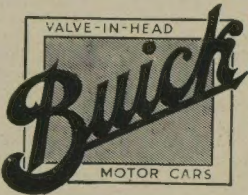
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NEW NOVELS.

"Merry-Andrew." Andrew is neither as merry nor as foolish as Mr. Keble Howard's title would lead us to believe. He is certainly guileless, as only a young man brought up in a good home and educated at Oxford can be, and, it may be, he is even a little more guileless than the average undergraduate; but, after all, his is the innocence of an honest soul—a better asset with which to prevail against the world than much evil know-



THE KING VISITING THE B.S.A. WORKS: HIS MAJESTY ON HIS TOUR.

The King visited the B.S.A. works recently and expressed his great satisfaction at the way in which the work-people were carrying out their duties in connection with war-material. Sir Hallett Rogers, Chairman of the B.S.A. Company, is seen on his Majesty's left.

ledge. "Merry-Andrew" (The Bodley Head) is cheerful, and leaves a clean taste in the mouth. Andrew Dick, who had plenty of brains, though not of the sort to satisfy the Oxford examiners, came to London to seek his fortune. He was a nice, fresh boy, and he fell into the hands of a pair of rascals to begin with, who plucked him promptly. It must be admitted that Andrew was a trusting soul, for his landlady was an outrageous shark also, and yet he does not appear to have made an effort to escape her clutches—in fact, he returns to them after he has been away, a lack of commonsense that does not augur well for his future. However, he is left about to be married to a sensible girl, who will, perhaps, take care of the good money he is going to earn on the staff of the *Studio* (not to be mistaken for

the monthly publication of the same name). Mr. Keble Howard gives us two hair-raising pictures of some dishonest and nasty people who keep preparatory schools; and a peep, all too short, at the journalistic world. "Merry-Andrew" is a capital book.

"The House of the Misty Star."

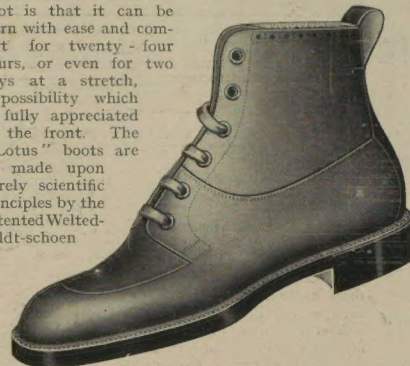
The author of the "Lady of the Decoration" has written another Japanese story, using her knowledge of the country to provide a picturesque setting for a little group of American characters. "The House of the Misty Star" (Hodder and Stoughton) is a nice little romance, although Zura, the Jap-American girl whose "freshness" is one of the features of the book, is too outrageously rude to her seniors to command much sympathy from English readers. Her American independence shows itself in trampling on the national and family feelings of the Japanese with whom she comes in contact, her grandfather first and foremost among them. The philanthropic American ladies who take her to their bosom in the House of the Misty Star have a sentimental regard for her, and their benevolent attitude is represented as reacting favourably upon an aggressive young woman. Zura, in the end, is left engaged to another American exile, whose crooked history has also straightened itself out under the ladies' kindly auspices. The nemesis of Zura may be expected to come when the little Zuras rise up and are "fresh" in their turn, which leaves us to imagine the lady of the Misty Star transferring her approval to their pretty little rebellions against a half-caste momma. The book is sugary with sentiment, but the local colour is attractive and the intention unimpeachable.

"The Old House."

The melancholy of a super-sensitive nature is apparent in the stories by Feodor Sologub in "The Old House" (Martin Secker), but we are grateful, none the less, for their translation into English. Any book that helps us further to appreciate our Russian allies is timely, and these clear-cut, haunting things show us a people capable of extraordinary sacrifice and alive with poetry, the natural enemies

of the brutal materialism that has challenged them. Sologub inflames the imagination. He has an affection for the whimsical side of his art, and the pathetic absurdities of human nature, and where he touches the springs of the heart he is a mystic. Life, to him, is a sad-coloured tale, wherein real children, and grown-up children, snatch at wistful pleasures. There was once an old man who saw a little boy bowling a hoop, and remembered his own joyless childhood, and went furtively to a quiet place and bowled the hoop he had missed for half a century. . . . And there were a mother and her little son who made shadow-pictures with their hands until the shadows were more real than life. . . . The spirit of fantasy has inspired Feodor Sologub, and he in his turn sets his readers thinking long, long thoughts.

It has been said, with ample reason, that the "Lotus" boot, already so popular in peace-time, has now won its spurs in war. The class which we illustrate, No. 359, designed originally for sport, have been found invaluable in the trenches, where they have kept the feet warm and dry under the most trying conditions conceivable, such as standing in water, marching through wet grass, halting in ankle-deep mud, and other of the peculiarly difficult and distressing conditions of this unprecedented war. A great point with the "Lotus" boot is that it can be worn with ease and comfort for twenty-four hours, or even for two days at a stretch, a possibility which is fully appreciated at the front. The "Lotus" boots are all made upon purely scientific principles by the patented Welted-Veldt-schoen



"LOTUS" No. 359: A UNIQUE BOOT FOR SPORT OR WAR.

process, and, if desired in trench-life, two or even three pairs of socks can be worn at the same time with comfort. The "Lotus" Company have hundreds of agents all over the country, and in London, and, whether for men or women, their productions represent the perfection of strength and comfort, and are made in an infinite variety of styles.

URODONAL

prevents Arterio-Sclerosis.

THE SIGN OF THE TEMPORAL ARTERY.

It is well known that Arterio-Sclerosis is a progressive modification of the blood vessels, which by dint of coming into contact with blood that is loaded with poisonous substances and "peccant humours," gradually become stiff and friable to the point of resembling clay piping. This infirmity is the forerunner and starting point of serious disorders, such as atheroma, cerebral hemorrhage, atrophy of the liver or kidneys, &c. How can the preliminary symptoms be detected so that the progress of the disease may be arrested, if possible, before it becomes generalised?

Candidates to arterio-sclerosis usually digest their food improperly; they experience vague feelings of discomfort, frequent migraine (sick headache), wandering pains, hemorrhage of the nose, tingling sensations in the limbs; the least muscular or mental exertion causes a feeling of exhaustion; they are sensitive to the cold, and inclined to be irritable, worried and melancholic.

There is, however, another symptom which is quite unmistakable, viz., the *Sign of the Temporal Artery*.

It has often been said that a smooth and unlined forehead, free from wrinkles and blemishes, is a token of innocence; but it would be more correct to say that it is a sign of youth and good health. As long as the blood is rich and free from impurities, so long do the muscles retain their flexibility, the skin retain its lustre and firmness, and the tissues their consistency.

On the other hand, if the blood should become impure and the circulation impeded, the network of swollen, stiff and petrified blood vessels soon appears through the starved tissues. The temporal vein, especially (which under normal conditions is almost invisible) soon stands out in such a manner that no careful observer can fail to recognise it.

If, therefore, you should notice between the eye and the root of the hair, under the wrinkled and withered skin of the temples, a kind of hard, bluish, knotted cord protruding, be on your guard, for this is the indisputable proof that your blood vessels are becoming hardened, and that you are threatened with old age. It does not matter that you have not a white hair; your



The age of a man is the age of his arteries. Keep your arteries young by taking URODONAL, and you will thereby avoid Arterio-Sclerosis, which hardens the walls of the blood vessels, and renders them stiff and brittle.

Recommended by Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Academie de Medecine in his "TREATISE ON GOUT."

arteries are growing old—and do not forget it: you are as old as your arteries.

You must act promptly. Purify your blood from the poisonous substances with which it is loaded, and especially of the most dangerous of all, viz.: uric acid. When your blood vessels are no longer influenced by the acidity of the blood, they will regain their flexibility and contractibility. To effect this miracle it is only necessary to take a thorough course of the wonder-working URODONAL, which dissolves uric acid "as easily as hot water dissolves sugar," and which is the standard treatment of Arterio-Sclerosis as so clearly demonstrated by the latest experimental researches of Dr. Légerot, the eminent professor of Physiology at the Ecole Supérieure des Sciences d'Alger.

By taking every night a teaspoonful of URODONAL in a tumbler of water, and doing this regularly, you will find that nothing else in the world will be more helpful in keeping the veins and arteries flexible and supple. If, however, you already present the "Sign of the Temporal Artery," you should adopt an energetic treatment by taking daily three to four teaspoonfuls of URODONAL (each teaspoonful dissolved in a tumbler of water). You will find this of great benefit, and there is no occasion to be afraid of unpleasant results.

After all, it is not more extraordinary to observe the condition of the temples in order to ascertain the state of the arteries than to examine one's tongue in order to find out the state of the digestive functions.

Dr. J. L. S. BOTAL, Paris Faculty of Medicine.

Adopted by Public Health Authorities.

Gold Medal and Grands Prix.

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N.B.—URODONAL, prepared by J. L. Chatelein, Pharm. Chemist, Paris, price 6s. per bottle, can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free (to the U.K.), from the British and Colonial Agents, HEPPELL and Co., Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London W., from whom can also be obtained, post free, a full explanatory booklet, giving Doctors' Opinions on How to Maintain Health, and *Lancet* Report of Dec. 19, 1914.